

Father, I put my life in your hands

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In you O Lord I take refuge
Let me never be put to shame
Into your hands I commend my spirit
You will redeem me faithful God.

For all my foes reproach me
Neighbours laugh and friends stand off
I am forgotten like dead unremembered
I am like a dish cast down.

But my trust is in you, O Lord.
I say you are my God
Into your hands I place my future
From the clutch of foes you rescue me.

Let your face shine on your servant
O save me in your love
Be stout-hearted and now take courage
All you who now hope in the Lord.

Luke 22:39-46

He then left to make his way as usual to the Mount of Olives, with the disciples following. When he reached the place he said to them, “Pray not to be put to the test.”

Then he withdrew from them, about a stone’s throw away, and knelt down and prayed. “Father,” he said, “If you are willing, take this cup away from me. Nevertheless, let your will be done, not mine.” Then an angel appeared to him, coming from heaven to give him strength. In his anguish he prayed even more earnestly, and his sweat fell to the ground like great drops of blood. When he rose from prayer he went to the disciples and found them sleeping from sheer grief. And he said to them, “Why are you asleep? Get up and pray not to be put to the test.”



The person of Jesus calls us through pain to a union of love that will allow God free access into our lives.

Look at your own life. What has moulded you?

Recount times you have been faithful. Do you know others who have been led to love through pain?